

Two or three simple statements of fact—in a want ad.—may change and enlarge the whole outlook for you!

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

Half a dozen lines of type may be the link between you and something you want.

PART TWO

SATURDAY AUGUST 24 1907 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

FIFTY-SEVENTH YEAR

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



WOULD MAKE HER HUSBAND PREMIER

Ambition of American Wife for Son of Sir William Vernon Harcourt.

RISE RAPID SINCE MARRIAGE.

Prior to His Union With Ethel Burns, "Lulu" Was Nonentity, Now He Is Cabinet Minister.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Aug. 15.—If Lewis Vernon Harcourt, or "Lulu" Harcourt, as he is generally called, does not some day become prime minister of England it certainly will not be the fault of his American wife. In fact, it is said to be Mrs. Harcourt's definite ambition to see her husband filling this exalted office. Five or six years ago, he was little more than the son of his father, the late Sir William Harcourt, a staunch Liberal statesman. Today he is a cabinet minister and so highly thought of by his colleagues that to introduce the name of the task of introducing the bill, the measure with which the Liberal government expects to bring the house of lords to its knees.

Since he entered parliament in 1904 he has forged to the front faster than any other man in the house of commons. To the majority he is something of an enigma inasmuch as he showed absolutely no promise and not a vestige of brilliancy or ambition until after his marriage. Miss Ethel Burns, a niece of J. Pierpont Morgan, but they are not aware that herein lies the whole secret of his rapid rise to fame in British politics. By nature a shy and reserved man, and cared nothing for society. Like his father before him, he was accounted a disagreeable man with no capacity for making friends. He used to say that if you wanted to make him thoroughly miserable you might place him in a drawing room and expect him to be polite to women. Today "Lulu" is a social success. His wife realizing the importance and the power of women in politics has succeeded in teaching him how necessary it is for him to learn to say sort things to them.

"LULU" NOT HUMPHOUS. Moreover Mrs. Harcourt had to tackle "Lulu" far less promising material than that furnished by Randolph Churchill, who from the schoolroom proved himself a brilliant intellect. He also possessed a certain helpful humbleness which Lulu totally lacked. When Lulu Harcourt married he was an abnormally

shy and reserved man, and cared nothing for society. Like his father before him, he was accounted a disagreeable man with no capacity for making friends. He used to say that if you wanted to make him thoroughly miserable you might place him in a drawing room and expect him to be polite to women. Today "Lulu" is a social success. His wife realizing the importance and the power of women in politics has succeeded in teaching him how necessary it is for him to learn to say sort things to them.

WIFE DRESSED HIM.

Another of his shortcomings was his absolute indifference to dress. "This won't do," thought Mrs. Harcourt, and she forthwith arranged to dress her new lord and master with the result that today he is the second best dressed man in either house of parliament, the palm being given to "Bobby" Spencer, the present Lord Althorp who is also lord chamberlain. It was only the other day Mrs. Harcourt remarked to an intimate: "I certainly have cultivated Lulu's taste in dress, but nevertheless I still have not only to order every stitch he wears from his stockings to his necktie, but I have also to see him fitted. Were I not there to do so he would become quite as lax as of old."

KING COPIED "LULU."

A year ago, the king was credited with the fashion of wearing a tie and stockings of the same hue. As a matter of fact, it was Mrs. Harcourt who instituted the note for her husband and the king copied it.

STANDS IN WITH LABOR.

As a hostess Mrs. Harcourt has always shown a certain independence in the selection of her guests, yet ever keeping in view the necessity of gathering around the right element as represented in the people who were likely to prove useful in her husband's career. To the labor party and their wives she is a bright and particular star and by them is voted the most charming woman of the great body of Liberal hostesses. Long before John Burns and his wife and other of her followers were ever invited to Buckingham palace and Windsor they were welcome guests at the Harcourt town mansion. When the king was told of this remark was "What a jolly clever and diplomatic woman that Mrs. Harcourt is." Very Harcourt family some of the labor members and their womenkind were invited to partake of his majesty's hospitality.

It is not surprising that the difficulties of the political hostess in England. Pittfalls await her at every turn. By the least lapse of tact the slightest display of feeling she can offend the hostess. She must be able to send her husband's supporters right to the other side. Unless a woman is a born diplomat, it is far wiser for her not to interfere in the realm of politics at all.

STANDING JOKE.

Of all the political hostesses none has more independence of spirit than Mrs. Harcourt yet, amazing to relate, she never makes enemies—high or low. To the political hostess, resourcefulness is a gift from the gods. It was once extolled in a most remarkable manner when Mrs. Harcourt organized a memorable party which led to this day a stand, mostly wounded vanity, will send her husband's supporters right to the other side. Unless a woman is a born diplomat, it is far wiser for her not to interfere in the realm of politics at all.

The tradespeople were immediately fascinated at the idea of a masked party. They had never been to anything of the kind in their lives. When the time came the gardens were exquisitely illuminated and everyone who

Famous English Prelate Who is a Hustler.

Dr. Winnington Ingram, Bishop of London, Who Will Arrive in America Next Month, Works Harder Than Any Other Man in the English Church and is Too Busy to Bother About Dignity—Doesn't Look Like a Bishop and Doesn't Act Like One.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Aug. 17.—As a class English bishops are neither strenuous nor excessively popular with the masses, but there are some exceptions to this rule, and the most notable of them is the Right Rev. Arthur Winnington Ingram, bishop of London. He is by long odds the most popular and the hardest working bishop in England. As will generally be known in America before this is printed, he is crossing the Atlantic shortly, and will attend the general Episcopal convention, which opens at Richmond, Va., on Oct. 2. He has the most picturesque personality of any of the dignitaries of the established church, and in view of his approaching visit some account of him may be of interest to American readers.

The popular notion of a bishop is a man with a pompous manner, a portly frame and spidre-shanked legs clad in gaiters. Barring the gaiters, Dr. Ingram does not look like this type, which irreverent English cartoonists have made so familiar. He is slight, spare and lean. He is always on the move, which keeps him trained down like an athlete. He is too rushed to bother about dignity. For the same reason he is indifferent to his personal appearance. His hat always looks as if it would extinguish him. His collar doesn't fit. Enthusiastic ladies describe his face as that of a medieval saint. If the typical face for a medieval saint is thin and brown and expresses a mingled keenness, kindness and humor, then the bishop has one. In all probability he never has thought about it himself.

BUSIEST MAN IN LONDON.

He has the well-merited reputation of being busier than any other man in London. Certainly no cabinet minister or member of parliament works so hard for his country as Dr. Ingram does for his church. But hard work never troubled him. He is used to it. He is one of the few men who owe their position to the Episcopal bench entirely to hard work. He worked hard at Oxford, taking both an excellent degree in the schools and on the river. For he was a fine oarsman. He worked hard as a clergyman in the west of England, where he showed that he was a man to be reckoned with. He worked harder still when at the age of 30 he became the head of Oxford house, one of the pioneer college settlements in the east end—the slum end—of London.

The "foot-and-door" trick, as he called it, was one that he then learned to perform with considerable success, and, he once declared, "every clergyman who undertakes it not only his own business, but what is more important, his Master's business, must learn to practise." It is an example of getting on his feet in order to take an ill. When the clergyman called Dr. Ingram once explained, "after some time a little girl opens the door, and you hear a voice from the washbasin at the back ask, 'Who is that, Sally?' Sally shouts back, 'Please, mother, it's Religion.'"

By taking each little duty—trivial enough in itself, perhaps—as the great and insistent concern of the day, he answered, "If I go to a workhouse service and the dear old inmates honor me with a sevenfold Amen, I am content to regard that service as one of the central duties of the day. If one thought of the problems of London as a whole—if one could see all the misery and hunger and wickedness and evil in one single flash of the eye—why, one

would go mad. The thing is to take each duty separately, to believe that the word counts and to leave the rest in the hands of our Father."

HIS SALARY IS \$50,000.

Six years ago Dr. Ingram was made a full-fledged bishop with the whole of London to rule over and a seat in the gilded chamber as one of the lords spiritual. It was a great change for the frugal bachelor. In lieu of the slum dwelling in the midst of the slums his residence was now Fulham palace, a great big place with no less than forty-four bedrooms and set in spacious and beautiful grounds. Another mansion in St. James' square which would rent for \$5,000 a year was added to his Episcopal domain. His salary was raised to \$50,000 a year—which is the highest salary paid to any bishop. He didn't want the palace and he didn't want the mansion, but they went with the job and he had to take them, although he protested that he would much prefer living in a simple flat and dividing his income among the poorer clergy. That he could not have his way affords an illustration of the many anomalies that discredit the Church of England and render its disestablishment some day inevitable.

DEBATES WITH INFIDELS.

Instead of treating infidels with sacerdotal scorn and contempt and heaping anathemas upon them, he has frequently engaged in open-air debates with them in the parks on Sundays. And if they did not always find his logic convincing, they learned to esteem and respect the man. As illustrating his relations with them a friend of his tells an anecdote. On one occasion he was with him. Suddenly Dr. Ingram said, "Pardon me," and hastening after a rough-looking man who was passing, hailed him heartily, and the greeting was as heartily returned. "Whoever was that?" asked the older dignitary, somewhat pompously when Dr. Ingram had rejoined him. "Oh," was the reply, "that's one of the cleverest of my kind of opponents in Victoria park. We always have a chat when we meet." "You don't mean that he is an atheist, surely?" said Dr. Ingram. "I do, or at all events, he fancies he's one; but he is such a pleasant fellow and there is a lot that is good in him." And then, with a grave pause, he added, "And goodness can have only one source."

SUBJECT OF POETRY.

Dr. Ingram worked harder than ever when in 1897 he was made suffragan bishop of Stepney, one of the most populous and poorest of the big London boroughs. At this time he never thought of using carriages or cabs, but did his rushing about on street cars—or "trams," as they are called here—and by means of the democratic "underground." In the latter case, moreover, he patronized the third-class compartments, just as his humble parishioners did, instead of "going first," as they did. He carried his trunk and lunch with him and dispatched it between stations. In fact, a Punch poet once made him say:

For luncheon I swallow a sandwich of ham,
As I rush up the stairs of a White-chapel train;
Or, with excellent appetite, I will discuss
A halfpenny bun on a Waterloo bus.

No table in snow with damask for me;
My cloth is the apron that covers my knee.
No maidservants serve, no kitchen-maid dish up
The frugal repast of this suffragan bishop.

"How do you manage to get through it all?" somebody once asked him.

He answered, "If I go to a workhouse service and the dear old inmates honor me with a sevenfold Amen, I am content to regard that service as one of the central duties of the day. If one thought of the problems of London as a whole—if one could see all the misery and hunger and wickedness and evil in one single flash of the eye—why, one

HE GOES SLUMMING.

The humble folk in the East End see much more of him than the opulent West Enders. Some time ago he spent several hours in one of the slumiest of slums. Hearing that among the inmates was an old woman who boasted of having danced with him when he was running the Oxford House Settlement, he insisted on seeing her. Clapping his hands episcopally, he reminded her that he could not at first get the young ladies to give him a turn; and added, admiringly, "Who'd a thought it!" And the bishop laughed heartily, recognizing a kindred spirit who was not afraid to be human.

ASKED HIM TO RIDE.

"Which way are you going?" asked the bishop. "To Poplar, where I live," answered the workman. "Then jump in and come along with me. I'm off to fill an engagement down there myself."

PROBLEMS OF LONDON.

It is a singular proof of his power to adapt himself to the varying sections of humanity that go to the making of the multitudinous life of his vast diocese that he is equally a favorite in Buckingham Palace and in the slums of Whitechapel. He wins by sympathy, he conquers by his great humanity. He is in no sense a great scholar; he has been far too busy for that, and for hair-splitting theology he cares not a jot, but he understands human nature and its needs, and he knows how to get a hearing for his message.

AMONG WORKINGMEN.

A remarkable instance of this was witnessed at the great workmen's meeting held at the church congress a few years ago. There was a vast hall crowded from end to end with keen, hard-headed artisans, and confronting them in unadorned ranks were rows of gaitered bishops, deans and archdeacons—the personification of the stiff, starchy conventionalism of the Anglican church. The force of contrast could hardly further go. Suddenly a tall, slight, keen-faced, clean-shaven man with a bright smile and an irresistible magnetism about him sprang to his feet, and in the twinkling of an eye a great roar of applause rattled up to the very rafters. The bishop of London was about to address the Northampton shoemakers. He began quite easily by recalling some of his early experience in the East End.

FIRST EXPERIENCE.

"I remember," said he, "my first Sunday in Bethnal Green. I addressed a meeting of 500 men, and at the end of the services I said to them: 'Well, now, what shall we talk about next Sunday?' 'And immediately 500 voices yelled out: 'Eternal punishment!' 'Eternal punishment!' cried the bishop, with a light tone of laughter in his pleasant voice, 'that was a nice little subject to hurl at a young man who was out on his own for the first time in his life. And then, of course, they wanted to know who was Cain's wife—they always do,' he added with a smile. 'Well, we settled that question satisfactorily, and we buried the poor fellow in Bethnal Green once and for all.'"

DIGNITARIES SHOCKED.

How his voice screamed with delight and how shocked and pained were the faces of his brother dignitaries!

But the twentieth century bishop of London knew his audience, and they knew him. The circumstances it was far more to the purpose than all the scholarship and theology of the schoolmen and the young ladies of the aristocracy. The bishop is so pre-eminently himself.

HIS ONLY ROMANCE.

The bishop is verging on 50. He is regarded now as a confirmed bachelor. He has had his romance. When he was bishop of Stepney, Lady Utricia Duncombe, a beautiful girl and the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Feversham, was going through a course of slumming. She had fitted herself for the work by qualifying in a hospital as a fully trained nurse. She and the bishop were thrown much together. In the course of time their engagement was formally announced but for some reason or other it has been suggested that the good bishop came to the conclusion that the life of arduous labor he had mapped out for himself allowed scant room for domestic bliss, and if called on to sacrifice one or the other the church had the superior claim on him. As regards Lady Utricia, it was humbly thought she undoubtedly is, she discovered that she yearned for something different from the life of a ministering angel of the slums. A few years ago she married Col. Everard Baring, a brother of Lord Revelstoke.

At this writing the date of the bishop's departure has not yet been determined. He will go first to Canada, visiting Quebec, Montreal, Toronto and perhaps some other Canadian cities. When he leaves Canada he will make his way to Washington, stopping at various cities en route. At Washington, on Sept. 29, he will participate in the ceremonies attending the laying of the cornerstone of the great cathedral to be built there, and will deliver an address. From Washington he will go to Richmond. He is expected to return to London about the middle of October.

TO BE KING'S HOST COSTS BIG MONEY

George Kessler Cherishes the Ambition to Entertain Edward VII at Residence.

SOCIETY'S CIRCUS CRAZE.

Latest Pet Fad is to Own a Private Hippodrome of Performing Animals for Entertainment.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—Mayfair bestows a nickname on almost every one and George Kessler of New York is no exception. He is now familiarly known here as "The Yankee River King." "Riversdale," the Elizabethan mansion on the banks of the Thames which he bought a while ago and renamed "New York Lodge," has now been transformed by him from a sort of small edition of the Carlton hotel. The alterations were finished this week and cost £450,000.

But money is evidently no object to Mr. Kessler. Society has been amazed at his doings and is still more amazed at a story about him which is now going the rounds. This story is that Mr. Kessler's ambition is to entertain King Edward at "New York Lodge." He made this proffer of becoming a royal host in the proper quarter, and it is said to have been intimated that if he cared to donate half a million dollars to the king's hospital fund, in all probability his majesty would find time to go up the river and make the acquaintance of the donor for a day, perhaps a week-end.

BUYING HONORS.

Truly I was surprised to hear the sum mentioned or that there should be any set price for the honor of receiving King Edward at the castle. Yet in view of the charges recently made in payment that honors have been freely bought and sold, society is only too ready to believe the latest story. This is always hearing statements about the sale of honors but until lately it was generally agreed that these statements emanated from the disappointed folks. But the fact that the latest charge was made in the house of commons and that the prime minister and former prime minister backed an inquiry into the subject, has made the allegation one for serious thought. So, perhaps Mr. Kessler's little "bill" is to be really half a million dollars. By the way Andrew Carnegie has just come down to the king's hospital fund and it is said to have such a thing as a private sale of honors for a day, perhaps a week-end.

PRIVATE CIRCUS CRAZE.

Society's very latest craze is the private circus. This is now the season of the country house party and it is only the very wealthiest people who can afford to have such a thing as a private circus on tap. The first of the Americans to go in for the new fad is the Duchess of Roxburghe.

The duchess is now buying herself in collecting an astonishing number of trained animals for her circus which will be given for the special education of the Prince and Princess of Wales when they pay their long-promised visit to Floors castle this fall. One must have some special attraction nowadays at the country house otherwise the hostess cannot gather to her the long list of fashionable leaders and other desirable in exclusive society. All the luxury and magnificence in the world will not induce people these days to go to the homes of others unless they are going to be amused. Certain sets, of course, are always ready if the story is known to be particularly good or the bridge play is sure to